

INVENTORY OF ALL A.E.F.'S PROPERTY NOW BEING HELD

Government Tackles Problem of Railroads, Docks and Warehouses

DISPOSAL QUESTION NEXT

War Department Representative to Return to France Next Month With Definite Program

Following the armistice and the general breakdown of the old war in general, the American Government has begun the job of finding out exactly what it has got on this side of the ocean in the way of physical property and deciding what is going to be done with it.

The United States has tackled the problem of disposing of the railroads, the railroad rolling stock, the docks, the warehouses, the telegraph and telephone lines, and the million and one other things brought to Europe or erected during the war. It is preparing to liquidate.

Edward R. Stettinius, special representative in Europe of the War Department, who supervised large purchases for the A.E.F. in Europe and who, for the last several weeks, has been engaged in consulting to the satisfaction of both parties, many big contracts made through the French Government and French firms, and making other preliminary arrangements for the transition from a war to a peace basis, has left for the United States to discuss plans for future procedure. He will return to France in January after definite policies and details have been decided upon back home.

Scattered from Coast to Germany

The War Department already has begun taking an inventory of all the property of the United States in France. This will embrace the entire range of material used by the A.E.F., which now is scattered from the coast inland to the present zone of occupation.

It is recognized that much of this material was essentially suited for war purposes, and depreciated in value greatly with the armistice, but it is also known that much of it will have a high peace-time value. Also, it is certain that, while a lot of it will have to be returned to the United States, much can be advantageously disposed of on this side of the water.

Such articles as locomotives and rail way cars, and railway material in general probably will find a ready market in Europe, in view of the present scarcity, and non-production during the war has created a like demand for much other material.

No estimate yet has been made on the extent and value of the property, but it will run into many millions. Plans are being worked out with care looking toward the establishment of a system of disposal which will realize the best returns and create the least disturbance in private industry.

INSIDE GERMANY—AND ON THE WAY THERE

Just before the Third Army's march toward Germany began, a supply sergeant of the 2nd Division traded a sack of sugar to a farmer near Bar-le-Duc for a pig. He intended to fatten the pig and serve it to his company on Thanksgiving. But many moves were in store for the 2nd Division, and the sergeant's company pulled stakes many times before the day of feasting. Every time the outfit moved, the sergeant loaded the pig on to a truck and sent it along with the kitchen.

Two days before Thanksgiving, on the banks of the Moselle, the supply sergeant confided to his first cook that the pig was fat enough for a king's feast, and directed that the animal be butchered that evening.

Previous to that time, one day in September, during an argument over the quality of a sack of potatoes, the mess sergeant had explained in the presence of all the cooks that he was a farmer and, therefore, should know good potatoes when he saw them.

But the cooks are now of the opinion that the sergeant isn't much of a farmer, for farmers are supposed to know all about domestic animals. At least, they should have some knowledge of pigs. For after the first cook had sharpened his best butcher knife and prepared a kettle of scalding water, he went out to butcher the pig. A few minutes later he returned to the kitchen, blushing.

There won't be any Thanksgiving dinner in this outfit," he announced. "Our pig has got nine little ones."

The brutality of the German soldier, even to his own kind, was noticed by the Americans the minute they set foot in Coblenz, where German guards were still on duty.

Small boys who played around idle trucks and who gathered in flocks to inspect the rubber tires of American cars were beaten by the guards.

It was a happy day for the small boys of Coblenz when the American M.P.'s took charge of the town and the German guards passed over the long bridge of boats to the eastern bank of the Rhine.

Merchants of Germany are as up to date and canny as anyone else when it comes to inventing schemes to sell goods. That the Americans are rabid souvenir hunters was long ago a well-known fact in Germany, but not until the American Army of Occupation marched into the Rhineland did the German merchants have a chance to test this out.

A window on one of the main streets of Coblenz glittered with iron crosses the day after the Americans came. The next morning it glittered not, for every iron cross had been sold. Price, three marks each.

A German captain was left behind the retreating German army for the purpose of delivering to the Americans a number of heavy guns that had been pulled up alongside the roadside.

When the advance guard of the American Army came in sight, it was rather unwise to see the German captain wave a white flag over his head.

The white flag afterward proved to be a red sheet, which is now guarded by Private Henderson's watchful eye for fear that it may suddenly disappear and leave him to sleep between two O.D. blankets.

"See anything of the pack I laid down on that fence a little while ago?" in-

quired a doughboy of a muleskinner as he sauntered along the banks of the Rhine.

"No," said the muleskinner, "but it's mighty queer what these mules will eat sometimes. They're awful critters when they're hungry."

"Holy smoke!" exclaimed the doughboy. "He must have had a good meal on my two blankets and a pair of dirty socks and a razor. Come to think about it, I had a box of C.C. pills in there, too."

A German captain approached a stablekeeper in Groenmacher and asked if he might put his horses in the stable over night.

"For four years no German has ever used my stable," the stablekeeper told him, "and I don't propose to break that rule now."

"What are you going to do when the Americans come?" the German asked. "If you don't let them use your stable they'll hang you."

"You lie!" said the stablekeeper. "I am an American myself, and I know something of their ways."

Born in Germany, he had left years ago, returning in 1914 just in time to be unable to get out again.

An American soldier came out of a baker's shop in Trier with five apple pies in his arms. He had gone but a short distance when his toe met up with a stone and he pitched headlong into the street, much to the amusement of the German population.

He got up limping, rubbed the apple pie from his face, and returned to the bake shop.

A few minutes later he came out again, carrying in his arms the entire stock of the shop, which consisted of nine apple pies. "I'll learn 'em to laugh at me," he said to a comrade.

"What would you do if somebody entered your billet while you were out and took your razor and your clean socks and a box of cigars?" a Y.M.C.A. secretary demanded of a Red Cross captain.

The Red Cross man glared at his questioner out of the corners of his eyes and then spit accurately through a knot hole in the floor.

"I don't know whether you are allowed to cuss or not," he said; "but that's what I'd do. And I could sure make a good job of it, too."

The way American soldiers marched into a German town one day and were apparently at home the next gave the Germans a surprise. The Americans entered Coblenz on a Sunday, and on Monday morning an M.P. quietly patrolled his beat at every street crossing and doughboys went about the town as though they had always lived there.

One German said he had never known a detachment of soldiers to come into Coblenz and settle down to the general routine of affairs so quickly and so quietly as did the Americans.

"Nothing seems to surprise or alarm you Americans," he said.

Two weeks before the Americans crossed the Moselle and entered German territory the newspapers of Trier published an article signed by the mayor saying that if any German girl was seen with an American soldier she would be an outcast and would not be allowed to marry on German soil.

An American was walking up the streets of Trier the second night after the Americans came. The hour was late.

Something—two somethings, in fact—darted across an adjoining street and made their way quietly, except for a constant feminine laugh that echoed through the quiet streets, toward the residential district of the town. At another street crossing an American soldier and a rather pretty girl emerged from the side door of a restaurant and struck off up the main street, paying no heed to several pedestrians who were still huddled on the sidewalk.

German policeman grinned to himself and went about his duties.

Pvt. Underwood of the 1st Division presented himself to a regimental infirmary along the banks of the Rhine. Both jaws were swollen, and when he attempted to grin he squirmed with pain.

"It's a plain case of mumps," said the doctor. "Get ready for a trip to the hospital."

"Hell!" said Underwood. "I ain't had a chance to cross the Rhine yet."

A squad of doughboys slowly moved up the banks of the Moselle. "What the heck do you call that?" one of them asked, pointing toward a lumbering, puffing contraption that came slowly down the road.

The contraption was a steam roller. It rolled up to the squad of doughboys and stopped. A German soldier climbed down to the ground.

"I tell you das tank fur fifty marks," said the German.

The doughboys eyed one another in astonishment. "Wouldn't it make a nice little souvenir to take home to my kid brother?" said the corporal.

"I'll give you half that much," offered another, whereupon the deal was closed. The doughboys unslung their equipment and loaded it on to the steam roller.

The German gave them some brief instructions about running it, and then the steam roller, puffing and growling more than ever, turned round and moved slowly back over the road.

Two miles out of Trier an American lieutenant halted the steam roller and its passengers. "Where did you get that thing?" he demanded.

"It's ours. We bought it."

Then the entire transaction had to be gone over carefully.

"Well, you climb down from there," the lieutenant ordered, "and don't buy everything that's offered you. A German tried to sell me a battery of 77's not over half an hour ago."

The doughboys walked into Trier.

An American lieutenant halted a passing doughboy. "Can you speak any French?" he inquired, pointing to a dozen or so women and children who had gathered round him at an American outpost on the frontier. "I can't make out exactly what they want."

After speaking with the refugees, the doughboy replied with a grin:

"Why, loot, the little girl there and her mother both want to kiss you."

The lieutenant blushed and granted the request.

A polli, for 24 months a prisoner in Germany, crossed into the American lines just as daylight broke one morning. He carried a haversack full of German war bread, and as he stood in the mess line at an American kitchen he distributed the bread among his American friends, saying, "Bon souvenir."

He reserved the last piece of his German bread to take home to his father.

SPECIAL POST OFFICE FOR Q.M.C. MEMBERS

Errors—Due to Improper Addresses Will Be Rectified by Plan

A special mail department has been created at A.P.O. 910 (Château du Loir) to insure prompt delivery of mail to members of the Quartermaster Corps.

To this post office will be sent all mail addressed to casual officers and men; all mail addressed to an officer or enlisted man by title and name, with the addition Q.M., but which does not specify his organization; all mail for members of the Q.M.C. which has not, for some reason, been delivered at the A.P.O. to which addressed and which has been returned to the post office to be read-dressed.

A card index system is kept, and every one in the Q.M.C. is represented. A large number of letters are at present in the files at this post office which it is impossible to forward because the addresses are incorrect and the correct address is not known.

Members of the Quartermaster Corps who are not receiving mail promptly are asked to write to the postmaster at A.P.O. 910 and tell him their troubles.

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CAN YOU USE 2,500 FRANCS?

FROM: The Franco-American Manufacturers' Association
TO: The Manufacturers of America (through the A.E.F.)
SUBJECT: Request for Ideas

THIS communication is addressed to the American manufacturer at home through the American soldier in France by a group of French manufacturers and American Army officers (engineers and chiefs of purchasing departments), now awaiting discharge, who have formed an association to buy the rights to make American-owned devices in France.

You, American soldier, know what France needs. You know what four years of war have meant to her in terms of pure physical destruction. You know that those crumpled, shattered, ground-to-dust heaps on the whole devastated stretch from the Belgian border to the Marne and the Moselle and beyond must be reshaped into the habitations of men.

You know that to make them habitable will require not only the resurrection of four walls and a roof, but also the manufacture of the thousand and one articles that make a home a home, a factory a factory.

France, her Army and her people, have come to respect the American during the war for two things: his fighting ability, and his practicality and genius for industrial organization and production in quantity.

You know, too, that the admiration is not all on one side. You know how French industries, going peacefully about their business in the summer of 1914, were converted overnight into war production plants that have been going at top speed ever since. You know that these same plants have manufactured many of the implements of war which enabled the American fighting man to acquit himself to the best advantage at the side of his Allies.

These plants must now adapt themselves to peace conditions. They are ready and willing to turn out such approved and commercially successfully devices as machinery, appliances, tools, conveyances—anything from a door knob to a locomotive. They have the plants, the labor, the capital. They wish to become Americanized in their choice of many articles of manufacture and in the methods of turning out those articles. What they seek is the partnership of the American manufacturer. They do not ask one cent of his money.

They will buy European rights for cash or arrange to operate under license. Special skill and equipment will also be required from America. For the "know-how" is as important as any other factor. America must supply that along with her designs for the product. It is

up to the American engineers who are helping to put the plan in operation to see that no lost motion is suffered in the re-starting of these French factories.

The choice, for the American manufacturer seeking a European market, lies between a helter-skelter scramble for European business and the sale to the Franco-American Manufacturers' Association (F.A.M.A.) of the right to make and market his products under his own name in France—virtually to establish a branch of his factory in France.

Here is where the American soldier comes in. Here is presented the opportunity for him to make 2,500 francs for himself and to strengthen commercially the bonds, already strongly forged by the common alliance of arms, between France and America.

Ask yourselves these specific questions: *What has America got that France needs? What American devices do you know about that you think could be profitably made and marketed in France? What American manufacturer are you acquainted with, personally or through his products, who would be interested in the proposition outlined?*

Send this advertisement to that manufacturer, with your views, based on your own experiences, of the opportunity that is open to him, sending to the office of the F.A.M.A. at the same time your A.E.F. and home addresses, and the name and address of the manufacturer with whom you have communicated.

Remember that the F.A.M.A. is not prepared to exploit any new article. It will deal only with firms of established reputation who are producing a recognizedly fine article. It prefers, also, to manufacture articles that are or can be protected in France by patents.

To every member of the A.E.F. who, in the manner explained, places the F.A.M.A. in touch with an American manufacturer from whom the F.A.M.A. buys the right to produce and market his device in France we will pay, on the completion of the terms of agreement, the sum of 2,500 francs.

The factories are waiting. We ask you to act quickly. Remember, some one else may be planning to write the very firm you have in mind. The F.A.M.A. will also be glad to have you, if possible, visit its Paris offices.

The FRANCO-AMERICAN MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION
(F.A.M.A.) RUE St. LAZARE, PARIS